

Children's Department.

From Auburn, Ill.

I am a little girl and will be eleven years old, June 15. This is my first letter for the paper. Our day school closed March 29, 1895. I liked my teacher very much. His name is Mr. Harry Williams. I live a mile and a quarter from school. My papa belongs to the Conservative church. My mamma and my two sisters belong to the Brethren church. We live three miles and a half from the Brethren church. Louis S. Bauman, from Kansas is going to be our minister. We have a railroad by our house. My oldest brother is teaching school. I will answer Vernie M. Keller's question. It was Zacchæus that climbed up in the Sycamore tree to see Jesus. Luke 19:4. I will ask a question. Which of the sons of Noah received the first blessing? I will close. Good-bye.

April 8.

FLORANCE BLACK.

From Needmore, Ohio.

This is my first attempt to write for the EVANGELIST. I am eight years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Palmer. My papa and mamma, my only sister and one brother belong to the Brethren church. Our school closed March 14. I got a nice picture and story book for good attendance, and also a nice pencil box for spelling. My baby brother is nearly four years old and he has for his pet a nice little colt. I will close. Yours truly.

April 10.

ESTELLA I. STCLAIR.

From Brooklyn, Iowa.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I will write about the King's Children. We have meeting every Sunday evening at 6:30 P. M. We had our regular Business meeting March 31, 1895. Sister Byers was elected president. Lula Miller was elected treasurer. We have very good meetings. Brother Gillan preaches here every two weeks. We like him ever so much. I will close by asking a question. How many times is the word *eternity* mentioned in the Bible? Yours respectfully.

EDITH KANN.

WHEN we pray for any virtue we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it. The form of your prayer should be the rule of your life. Every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual monition of duty. By what we require of God we see what he requires of us.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's workbox. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out and the silk upon the spools were tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought on one lid of a Bible, and beneath is the words "I love;" but *what* she loved was left for me to conjecture. "It cannot be," thought I, "that this little girl loves the Bible; if so, she would not have left even a picture of the blessed Book soiled, and not half finished." Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." It did not tell me for whom it was intended; but of this I was certain, whoever that dear one might be, that "needle-book" was not for her.

I need not, however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that workbox, I found not a single article *complete*. And mute as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things, told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*, that ruined all her generous plans, and after a time gained for her a name which she was not willing to bear; for though she was always ready to enter into any plan for the benefit of others, little account is made of promises from those who are without perseverance; and, without any intention of being untruthful, this little girl came at last to be treated as a *deceiver*.

Let our little friends remember how much depends on a resolute *perseverance* in the right. It matters but little what great things we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men, and women, and little children *have* done. Let us begin, then, and finish every *good* thing already commenced, no matter how small the object. We must learn a noble perseverance by exercising this principle in small matters.—*Annet Mabel.*

RUINED TEMPLES.

Once they were beautiful beyond description, with their towers and turrets glittering in the sunlight. Now the frescoed walls are blackened and discolored by the storms of many years. The marble pillars, wonderful still with their delicate carvings, lie upon the ground, a prey to modern curiosity seekers. Sadly we gaze upon those creations of past ages, which can never be restored to their pristine purity and loveliness.

But what of the temples of the Lord? Those wonderful bodies which he has fashioned in his own likeness. We see ruins of these on every side—wrecked lives that might have been towers of strength; lives that were once pure and fair; but the world was hard, troubles came, and no one cared for their misery, so they drank a little of the fiery liquid to drown their thoughts, and down, down lower and lower they sank.

These ruined temples are scattered all over our land, in every city and town, and we pass them by with a pitying glance and move on to sights more pleasant.

But a day of reckoning will come. The buildings of the Lord, defaced and ruined, oftentimes, by the carelessness and greed of the strong, shall rise up as witnesses against the cruelty of men. It behooves the children of the Lord to hasten into the fray and fight against those who would lay the temples of God in the dust.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

There is a young lady living out in the West End who teaches a class at a mission Sunday-school in the suburbs. Each Sunday she encourages the children to be present on the following Sunday by giving them a hint, in glowing terms, of what the next lesson will be.

One Sunday she told them that the next Sunday's lesson would be about Lot's wife; how she was told to fly and not look behind her; how she disobeyed and looked over her shoulder, and how she was turned into a pillar of salt.

While the rest of the class were revolving the wonderful story in their minds in open-mouthed astonishment, there were two soiled fingers shaking violently over the heads of the others, and when the young lady asked for the question the owner of the fingers exclaimed:—

"Teacher, did they eat the salt?"

The young lady's forethought is the better part of her wisdom. She was puzzled only for a moment. She smiled upon the tot who had given her such a close call and answered:—

"Oh, you must come next Sunday and hear."